

The second part of

Too neare vnto my state: therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busie giddie mindes
With forraine quarrells, that action hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is vtterly denied me:
How I came by the crowne, O God forgiue,
And grant it may with thee in true peace liue.

Prince You won it, wore it, kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right must my possession be,
Which I with more then with a common paine,
Gainst all the world will rightfully maintaine: *enter Lancaster.*

King Looke, looke, here comes my Iohn of Lancaster.

Lanc. Health, peace, and happinesse to my royall father.

King Thou bringst me happinesse and peace sonne Iohn,
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare witherd trunk: vpon thy sight,
My worldly busines makes a period:

Where is my lord of Warwicke?

Prince My Lord of Warwicke.

King Doth any name perticular belong
Vnto the lodging where I first did sfound?

War. Tis cald Ierusalem, my noble Lord.

King Laud be to God, euen there my life must end.

It hath bin prophecide to me many yeares,
I should not die, but in Ierusalem,

Which vainely I supposde the Holy Land:

But beare me to that chamber, there ile lie, *Enter Shallow,*
In that Ierusalem shall Harry die. *Falstaffe, and Bardolfe*

Shal. By cock and pie sir, you shal not away to night, what
Dauy I say?

Falst. You must excuse me maister Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you, you shall not be excusde, ex-
cuses shall not be admitted, there is no excuse shall serue, you
shall not be excusde: why Dauy.

Dauy. Here sir.

Shal.

Henry the f

Shal. Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, Dauy
Dauy, let me see, yea mary VV
hither, sir Iohn, you shal not be ex

Dauy Mary sir thus, those pre
againe sir, shal we sow the hade lar

Shal. VVith red wheat Dauy
are there no yong pigeons?

Dauy Yes sir, here is now the S
plow-yrons.

Shal. Let it be cast and payed:
cused.

Dauy Now sir, a new lincke t
had: and sir, do you meane to stop
bout the sacke he lost at Hunkly F

Shal. A shall answer it: some
short legg'd hens, a ioynt of mutt
Kick-shawes, tell william Cooke.

Dauy Doth the man of warre

Shal. Yea Dauy, I will vse hi
better then a penie in purse: vse hi
arrant knaues, and will backbite.

Dauy No worse then they are
maruailes foule linnen.

Shal. VVell conceited Dauy

Dauy I beseech you sir to co
of Woncote against Clement Pe

Sha. There is many complain
that Visor is an arrant knaue on n

Dauy I graunt your worship
God forbid sir, but a knaue shoul
his friends request, an honest mar

selfe, when a knaue is not: I haue
this eight yeares, and I cannot on

out a knaue against an honest ma
worship: the knaue is mine honel

you let him be countenaunst.